

The Victory obtain'd

Obtain'd by the Duke of Cumberland.



1 The Duke,
2 L.^d Albemarle,
3 The Young Chevalier,
4 Sullivan,
5 L.^d Anstruther.

TANDEM TRIUMPHANTS,
Translated by the Duke of Cumberland,
— With the Point of His Sword. —

Published by C. Corbet. According to Act of Parliament, May 7th 1746.

6 L.^d Kilmarnoch,
7 Lady Ogilvy,
8 Lady Murry,
9 Culloden House,
10 Gen: Howard.

THE
Battle of Culloden;
A
P O E M
ON
The late Victory:

Address to his *Royal Highness*

WILLIAM DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

Venit, Vidit, Vicit. — Cæsar.

By a GENTLEMAN of the *Inner-Temple*



L O N D O N:

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament *May 22d*, 1746; and Sold at
most of the Booksellers and Pamphlet Shops in Town and Country.

[Price Six-pence.]

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THE

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A
P O E M
ON
The late Victory, &c.



ASSIST ye Sisters of the sacred Nine,
And aid my Numbers with a Pow'r divine,
To sing the *Man* by *Briton's* Sons ador'd,
Who sav'd her *Subjects*, and her *Peace* restor'd;
Who under *God* was the effecting Cause,
To prop *Religion*, *Liberty*, and *Laws*,
From *Devastation*, and *Destruction* dire,
From *Tyranny*, *Oppression*, *Sword*, and *Fire*.

Hail Godlike Youth! thou *Guardian* of our Isle,
On whom *Bellona*, and *Fortuna* smile;

By

By whom we sleep secure, nor dread Allarms,
 Despoil'd of Fear by thy victorious Arms;
 Each *Briton* hails thee as her darling Son,
 Blesses thy natal Day beyond her own:
 The Babe unborn, who future Breath shall draw,
 Shall hail it's second *Saviour*, as NASSAU.

Sure the same Planet reign'd at either's Birth,
 And WILLIAMS were decreed to bless the Earth;
 By Heaven design'd to save a suffering State,
 And deal to Rebels an exemplary Fate.
 Too like NASSAU's thy natal Day appears
 A sure Prefage of thy succeeding Years,
Albion restor'd, her Sons from *Slavery Free*,
 Reserv'd were only for NASSAU, and *Thee*.

Thee and NASSAU, let *gratefull Britons* sing,
 The *patriot* Hero, and the *patriot* King.
 O may those Honours which the Brave deserve,
 Who fight for Freedom, and their Country's Cause,

By

By grateful Trophies from a rescu'd Land,
 Be lavish'd on you with a liberal Hand,
 And to Posterity transmit your Name
 In Virtues fairest Page, to latest Fame.

From such a *Prince* the *native* of our Clime,
 Brave by descent, in Nature's blooming Prime,
 In whose rich Veins the Seeds of *Freedom* glide,
 The *Nation's* prop, the Soldiers *Boast*, and *Pride*,
 What may we not expect——above the rest,
 The first must bind him to each *English Breast*,
 By ties most dear as breathing *British Air*
 Which Claims *our Love*, and his *paternal Care*.

Happy the Land! with such a *Patriot* blest,
 Whose Interest is their own, in *War*, or *Peace*,
 Who the same Views, and Principles pursue
 His Country's Love, as *Prince*, and *Subject* too;
 Whose chiefest Study is the *Nation's Good*,
 As every *English freeborn Subject* shou'd;

Witness

Witness his late *Atchieves* at *Culloden* ;
 Where like a *Lion* bold he led them on,
 Or as an *Angel* by divine Command ;
 Commission'd to destroy a *Rebel* Band,
 He from *devouring* Plagues *preserv'd* the Land.

Our *Laws* supported, and *Religion* sav'd,
 From *Popish Tyranny*, and *Popish Rage*,
 From *Gallic* Foes, and *Rome's* imposing Chains,
 It's *Inquisition*, and extorting Flames :
 Where like the *Sun* his Presence did impart,
 A kindred Heat in every *English Heart* ;
 Their Foes attended with a swift Defeat,
 And to his Country Conquest brought compleat.

The *Traytor Crew* compell'd his *Victory* own,
 And yield Obedience to great *GEORGE'S* Son,
Britannia's Hope, and Guardian of the Throne.
 O Prince belov'd ! may every Act of thine,
 Meet like Success, and thou conspicuous shine:

May't

May'st thou in fame, and English annals vie
 With CHURCHILL dead, and reach the vaulted Sky;
 May *Briton's* ever WILLIAM's Praises sing,
 And distant Realms with grateful Eccho's ring.

No less in *Council*, than the *Hostile* Field;
 Even aged Chiefs to thy Decision yield:
 Both *Ajax*, and *Ulysses* meet in Thee,
 And manly Force with Eloquence agree.

When elder Heroes unsuccessful fought,
 Thy Youth brave Prince unheard of Wonders wrought;
 In former Fields before their Foes they flee,
 But *Falkerk's* lost is tribly paid by Thee.
 Those *Traytors* to their Cost thy Pow'r confess,
 While loyal Subjects CUMBERLAND shall bless.
 The *Duke*! the *Duke*! the frighted Rebels cry,
 Even at the Name the coward Wretches fly.
 O may it prove in future Times a Theme,
 And Rebel Brats be hush'd at WILLIAM's Name.

The fairer Sex their grateful tribute bring,
 And CUMBERLAND as their Deliverer sing.

Thee

Thee gallant Youth, their softer Souls confess,
 And wish in *all* thy *Wars* the like Success;
 That each *Pretender* may partake his Doom,
 And thou in *all Engagements* overcome;
 Thou shar'st their tender hearts, and every breast
 With martial Fondness finds itself imprest,
 And would the Fates in favour to Decree,
 Each blooming Fair would have her Man like Thee.

Thus all *Degrees*, and every *Sex* proclaim,
 The growing Honours of great WILLIAM's Name.

Led on by him, may *Britons* all unite,
 To do their *King*, and injur'd *Country* right,
 May *patriot* Principles each *breast* inspire,
 And *English* Courage, kindle martial Fire;
 May *Sect*, and *Party* hence be let alone,
 And *Court*, and *Country* both combine as one,
 With grateful Hearts their *Guardian's* Praise to sing,
 While *Heav'n* and *Earth* the pleasing Theme shall ring }
 God save Duke WILLIAM, and God save the KING. }



